

Are you Leading
Stoker Tom Sutton?
Then allow us to
introduce you to
**MICHAEL
SUTTON, Esq.**



"HERE'S the first glimpse of your new son, Leading Stoker Tom Sutton.

It was over five weeks after your new son, Michael, was born that the "Good Morning" photographer visited your home in Hampden Street, South Shields, to take a picture of him for you. And what a bonny—or should we say canny?—little fellow he is!

To-day he has lovely rosy cheeks, a smile in a million, a grand head of hair, and real contentment, for he seldom cries. In fact, he is a lovely baby.

Of course, Pat—your little daughter—is wondering what it

is all about, but she is very interested. Nine-year-old Brian was out at the carpenters' shop, giving them a hand—or perhaps, as Jean, your wife, says, "getting in their way."

As you can see, Jean is getting along very nicely and feeling fit again. Apparently she had been trying to get some films to take a picture of Michael herself, so that she could send it on to you, but she couldn't get any.

She is looking forward to seeing you at Christmas, for a reunion celebration.

Even Michael sends his love, Stoker. . .

FOOD and DRINK FOR YOU!

HERE you are, lads. Peel the peel of this pint. Laboratory investigations of the possibility of turning potatoes into beer are in progress, and it appears that a small percentage of the tubers can be used in brewing certain types of beer. Don't say it. What you had last time ashore was "holiday

hops," or the brew from the barrel that stayed by the sump. Be of good cheer. It is officially stated that it is not likely that the use of potatoes in brewing will be extensively practised for some time to come, as demands for human consumption, for conversion into mashed potato powder for the Forces, and for feeding to livestock, must be met first. But note.—You can kill the cook if your mash has "bones" in it.

"The Golden Age of Boxing" continues
as W. H. MILLIER says—

ENTER-BILLY WELLS

MR. JAMES E. DEWHURST, one of the founders of the Belsize Boxing Club, and for many years hon. secretary and treasurer, was one of the leading lights in the world of amateur boxing. He comes in for mention at this stage because it was he who selected Jim Moloney for the post of boxing instructor to the Army in India.

Before starting on his voyage of discovery, Moloney called to say good-bye to many of his friends, among whom was one known as Major Best. Now this old warrior had all the wisdom of all the ancients, and then some more. To the boxing fraternity he ranked with Goldsmith's schoolmaster, inasmuch as they marvelled "that one small head could carry all he knew."

FIRST MENTION OF WELLS. Major Best wished Moloney the best of luck and asked him to let him know if ever he saw a likely-looking heavy-weight among the soldier-boxers in India. Moloney duly promised he would do so and he kept his word.

Then came the day in the late autumn of 1909 when Moloney wrote: "I have found the man you asked me to look for. He is the best heavy-weight I have seen for many years. He went to Simla last year and won the heavy-weight championship, and was also awarded the special prize given to the most scientific boxer; and it may be added that the standard of boxing at the Simla tournament was far superior to any previously seen there."

"He is Gunner Wells. He is 22 years of age, stands 6 ft. 2½ ins., weighs 13 st., and has a chest of 42 ins. He is as fast as Tommy Burns on his feet, with a lightning left and a short right for body and jaw. Hague would look like a novice in front of him. Finally, his very soul is in the game and, if he is placed in careful hands, I am positive that he will prove to be the best and gamest English heavy-weight of modern days. He is going into every competition here to try to get enough to return home, which shows how confident he is."

This letter from India brought great joy to our old friend. He had much faith in Moloney's judgment, and at once set to work with rare enthusiasm to secure the release of Wells from the Army. It was by no means easy, and it was not until the following April that we had the pleasure of seeing this heavy-weight find. Between the writing of Moloney's letter and the arrival home of Wells, the Army champion had been promoted to bombardier.

EVEN RATIONING ISN'T NEW

GRUMBLE as much as you like about rationing, on land, sea, or in the air, but it is a pretty old game played by rulers. The surprising thing is that people think it is new, that it was instituted during the last war for the first time.

Really, it was started by Edward III. And it extended to the seamen of those days as well as landmen.

The first rationing laws were passed by the English Parliament in 1336. I am referring to the Sumptuary Laws, and not to occasional expedients in other times.

Gluttony was prevalent in those days, and so the new law laid it down that "no one shall have for dinner more than two courses, or for any other meal either." If sauce was provided, then the diner had to provide it himself, "provided it was not at great cost." But on feast days three courses were allowed.

WHEN APPEARANCES ARE DECEPTIVE.

As I was the first boxing writer to clap eyes on Wells I might as well describe the meeting. He had come along to see Major Best immediately after his arrival home. As a number of years had elapsed between joining the Army and leaving it, Wells had grown considerably. As a consequence, his civilian clothes surely had given him a shock. It must have required the aid of a shoe-horn to get them on.

As I saw him at that first moment, he looked a very much over-grown schoolboy. He was wearing cycling knickers several sizes too small for him, a jacket which his broad shoulders threatened to burst asunder at any moment, with sleeves showing at least six inches above the wrist; and above all, a tiny cap perched on his head.

When he told me that he was Bombardier Wells I wondered what the impression would be on the dear old major, and I had not long to wait for the answer. In his person, manner and all else, Major Best was kindness and benevolence personified; seldom indeed did a harsh word ever pass his lips. He welcomed Wells most cordially and talked about his future, finally fixing up a trial bout at a nearby gymnasium in order to see how he could shape.

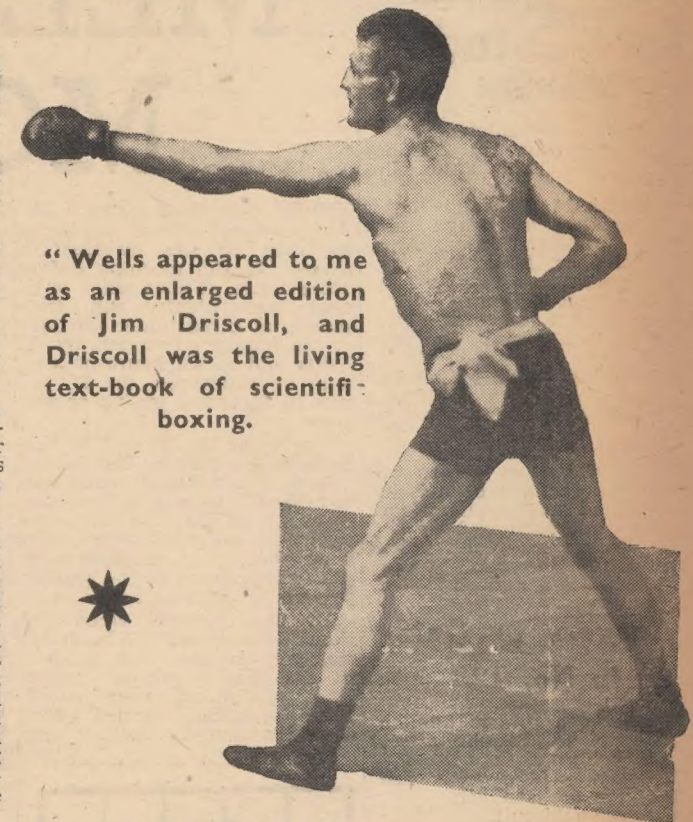
EXPLOSIVE NOISES OFF.

When Wells had departed I heard choking noises and—could I believe my ears?—big, horrible, harsh cuss-words coming from the Major's room. "What's the matter, Major?" I asked. Some more explosions followed. Then at last he regained something resembling his old composure and delivered himself after this style: "Here have I been working my wits and doing all sorts of wangling all these months to bring home what I thought would be a future heavy-weight champion and look what I get. I have seen some queer-looking fighters in my time, but if that fellow's a fighter my name's Isiciah Jenkins."

I mildly protested, "You ought to wait until you have seen him box."

"Perhaps you're right," he answered, "but if I'm any judge of physiognomy that fellow hasn't a fighting face and never will make a fighter."

Major Best, in addition to being a sporting writer at the time I mention, was also manager of Gunner Moir. He asked Moir to put on the gloves with Wells, and to put in all he knew to try him out. This trial bout was held in Apollo's gymnasium, and the select few who



"Wells appeared to me as an enlarged edition of Jim Driscoll, and Driscoll was the living text-book of scientific boxing."

had the good fortune to be present are not likely to forget it.

When Moir saw the young boxer it was with a clumsy attempt at humour that he turned to a companion and said, "I shall be afraid to hit him in case I break him in two."

THEY WERE SPELL-BOUND.

There was little humour in Gunner Moir's make-up. He was always grim. Yet there was something almost laughable in the ease with which Wells pumped lefts into his face during that extraordinary trial. Among the small band of on-lookers in Apollo's gymnasium that day, all intimately concerned in boxing matters, there was none who had ever before seen such superb boxing by a heavy-weight.

Wells appeared to me as an enlarged edition of Jim Driscoll, and Driscoll was the living text-book of scientific boxing.

In less time than it takes to tell, Moir's face was beginning to look like a lump of raw beefsteak. Try as he would, he could not avoid that left, and he became furiously annoyed at being given such a boxing lesson by a youngster who had not yet been seen in the professional ring.

MOIR NEVER FORGOT.

It was all so absorbing that the timekeeper forgot to look at his watch until fully five minutes had elapsed, and five minutes is a long time to box without a breather. Of the

two Moir was certainly the more tired, and he was anything but pleased. In fact, Moir never forgot this boxing lesson and vowed vengeance, which he took in due course.

After Wells had created a stir among the members of the Wells Club, appropriately named for his first appearance, by beating Gunner Joe Mills, he won the admiration of Eugent Corri, who was loud in singing the praises of the new Bombardier. Corri was asked to name a likely opponent for Gunner McMurray to box at the Garrison Artillery drill hall, at Shoburness, and he at once named Wells.

This little affair lasted about 20 seconds, including the count. Wells went in with a couple of straight lefts and then shot over his right which floored McMurray with such force that the Gunner must have imagined he had stopped one of the projectiles from his own gun.

"Never seen anything like it," said Corri, "this fellow Wells is going to be a world-beater." He said this and more, and that was enough to arouse the curiosity of thousands of people who had never before interested themselves in boxing.

The result was that when Wells made his first public appearance a month later, the hall was nothing like large enough to hold all the would-be spectators. I will deal with the contest in the next chapter.

£40 a year he could not, on pain of severe punishment, clothe himself in foreign silks, nor could he have a girdle "garnished with gold or silver."

The only fur a person of the labouring classes might wear was the fur of black or white lambs. Only nobles could wear jackets or tunics.

Dukes were permitted sixteen yards of cloth for their gowns. Five yards was the limit of the ordinary man.

In 1532 the clergy came under the Sumptuary Laws, too. Henry VII ruled that nobody was to have any extravagant clothing but himself.

As for food, archbishops could have six dishes of flesh or fish at a meal, but bishops could have only five, deans four, and the ordinary clergy two. This was devised for the sake of their souls.

In 1554, Queen Mary caused the last of the Sumptuary Laws to be passed in England. She

ordered heavy penalties for disobedience; and even Queen Elizabeth tried to stop people from dressing as well as herself.

But her efforts in this direction were not very successful, and in 1575 she issued a proclamation declaring that spending much money was "evil" and allured young gentlemen into ways that were bad. For this reason she disliked ruffs of great size, and long cloaks.

It took James I to repeal all the Sumptuary Laws, but he laid it down that the breeches of apprentices were to be made of fustian; women were not to have "Spanish heels."

He called the farthingale an "impertinent garment," because his passage to his room in Whitehall was blocked by the wide skirts of a crowd of women.

George IV banned the hooped petticoat. And that was the last ban. Now we get our clothing by coupons, and price doesn't matter.

Periscope Page

QUIZ for today

1. What is a dumbledore?
2. Who wrote (a) "Esther Waters," (b) "The Water Gipsies"?
3. Which of the following is an "intruder," and why: Ruby, Opal, Diamond, Topaz, Amethyst, Topaza, Emerald?
4. What is an Orcadian?
5. Where is Stilton?
6. What is a tarradiddle?
7. What is meant by tautology?
8. Odontoglossum is a kind of wax, an insect, an orchid, a piece of furniture, a coat of arms?
9. What is dwale?
10. What famous woman was celebrated for her beauty and her learned mathematical work on the conic sections?
11. When were trades unions instituted?
12. What is a duceen?

Answers to Quiz in No. 123

1. American prairie dog.
2. (a) R. M. Ballantyne, (b) H. G. Wells.
3. Roach, a fresh-water fish; the others are sea fish.
4. A crisp biscuit.
5. Venice.
6. Foot-and-mouth disease.
7. Comeliness.
8. Yellow water-lily.
9. In Gilbert's "Bab Ballads."
10. An oracle is a divine voice; an auricle is one of the cells of the heart.
11. 1847, by Sir James Simpson.
12. A dish made of fish and biscuits.

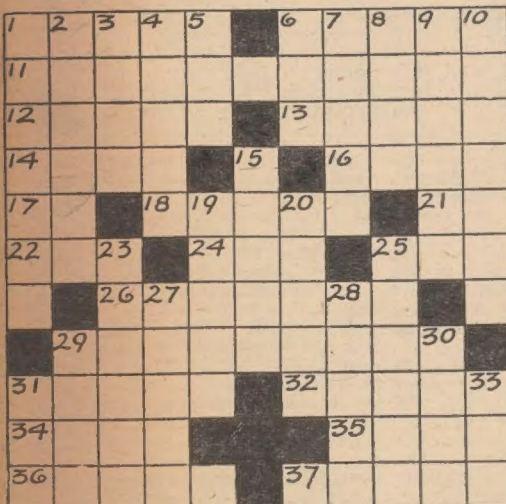
ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clues to its letters.

- My first is in STRONGHOLD, but not in FORT.
My next is in CAPTURED, though not in CAUGHT.
My third is in BEVERIDGE, not REPORT.
My fourth's in PROMOTION, not in STRIPE.
My fifth is in SAUSAGE, not in TRIPE.
My sixth is in GUNBOATS, but not in FLEET.
My seventh's in CYPRUS, and not in CRETE.

(Answer on Page 3)

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Vegetable dish.
- 6 Primary.
- 11 Rash.
- 12 Precious stone.
- 13 Started.
- 14 Govern.
- 16 Repair.
- 17 Concerning.
- 18 Girl's name.
- 21 Short company.
- 22 Remarkable.
- 24 Spoil.
- 25 Lair.
- 26 Abstract.
- 29 Drawing tight.
- 31 Votes.
- 32 Be sparing.
- 34 Consumes.
- 35 Uplift.
- 36 Cast.
- 37 Inscrutable.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

CHIC MEGRIM
RUN CULLED
ARCH SKATED
GROUSE DEAR
AHEM HEN E
SHE USA TOW
L ROT SNIP
OVER SHIVER
TENANT LENA
ACTUAL LET
SLEET BYRE

- ### CLUES DOWN.
- 1 Small bird.
 - 2 Reasoned.
 - 3 Loyal.
 - 4 Personated.
 - 5 Embossing stamp.
 - 6 Trivial lie.
 - 7 Articles.
 - 8 Storm.
 - 9 Striking position.
 - 10 Sinews.
 - 15 Talk nonsense.
 - 19 Leaves out.
 - 20 Golf clubs.
 - 23 One who trades.
 - 25 Refuses.
 - 27 Peas and beans.
 - 28 Right-angle joint.
 - 29 Twaddle.
 - 30 Insect.
 - 31 Place.
 - 33 Essay.

Continuing "Dr. JEKYLL and Mr. HYDE" R. L. Stevenson tells of a MEETING WITH A MONSTER

FROM that time forward Mr. Utterson began to haunt the door in the by-street of shops. In the morning before office hours, at noon when business was plenty and time scarce, at night under the face of the fogged city moon, by all lights and at all hours of solitude or concourse, the lawyer was to be found on his chosen post.

"If he be Mr. Hyde," he had thought, "I shall be Mr. Seek." And at last his patience was rewarded. It was a fine, dry night; frost in the air, the streets as clean as a ballroom floor, the lamps, unshaken by any wind, drawing a regular pattern of light and shadow.

By ten o'clock, when the shops were closed, the by-street was very solitary, and in spite of the low growl of London from all round, very silent. Small sounds carried far; domestic sounds out of the

houses were clearly audible on either side of the roadway; and the rumour of the approach of any passenger preceded him by a long time.

Mr. Utterson had been some minutes at his post when he was aware of an odd, light footstep drawing near. In the course of his nightly patrols he had long grown accustomed to the quaint effect with which the footfalls of a single person, while he is still a great way off, suddenly spring out distinct from the vast hum and clatter of the city.

Yet his attention had never before been so sharply and decisively arrested; and it was with a strong, superstitious prevision of success that he withdrew into the entry of the court.

The steps drew swiftly nearer, and swelled out suddenly louder as they turned the end of the street. The lawyer, looking forth from the entry, could soon see what manner of man he had to deal with.

He was small, and very plainly dressed; and the look of him, even at that distance, went somehow strongly against the watcher's inclination. But he made straight for the door, crossing the roadway to save time; and as he came he drew a key from his pocket, like one approaching home.

Mr. Utterson stepped out and touched him on the shoulder as he passed. "Mr. Hyde, I think?"

Mr. Hyde shrank back with a hissing intake of the breath. But his fear was only momentary; and though he did not look the lawyer in the face, he answered coolly enough: "That is my name. What do you want?"

"I see you are going in," returned the lawyer. "I am an

old friend of Dr. Jekyll's—Mr. Utterson, of Gaunt Street—you must have heard my name; and meeting you so conveniently, I thought you might admit me."

"You will not find Dr. Jekyll; he is from home," replied Mr. Hyde, blowing in the key. And then suddenly, but

still without looking up, "How did you know me?" he asked. "On your side," said Mr. Utterson, "will you do me a favour?"

"With pleasure," replied the other. "What shall it be?"

"Will you let me see your face?" asked the lawyer.

Mr. Hyde appeared to hesitate, and then as if upon some sudden reflection, fronted about with an air of defiance, and the pair stared at each other pretty fixedly for a few seconds.

"Now I shall know you

Continued on Page 3.

TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



You fellows know something about women, surely. And maybe you know a spot about various nationalities. Can you guess what nation claims this one? Is she Tunisian, Berber Woman of Arzou, Moroccan, Eskimo, Rumanian Gipsy, or South American Indian? Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 123: Anteater (Great).

ODD CORNER

GENERAL JAMES BARRY served 52 years in the British Army, in the 19th century, and it was not discovered till after "his" death that he was a woman! Daughter of a Scottish Earl, she was disappointed in love, and entered the Army Medical Service dressed as a man. She became a General in

1858, and served at Malta and the Cape of Good Hope. Admiral Laskarina Bou-boulina was a noted figure in Greek naval history. Known as "The Lady Admiral," she built and equipped a fleet of ships at her own expense, and led it against the Turks in the Greek War of Independence, 1821-1825.

Attending at the World Congress of Faiths, University College, London, in 1936, was Holidé Edib, a Turkish woman, whose father was secretary to the last of the Ottoman Sultans. She was brought up in the harem, and was only allowed out under the guard of her "lala," or eunuch. One day she escaped,

dressed as a soldier, and joined Mustapha Kemal's army. Kemal was so impressed with her Joan of Arc spirit that he made her Corporal Holidé, and she rode beside him in the triumphal procession celebrating the country's proclamation as a republic in 1923.

Mrs. Sarah Mayer, who was giving exhibitions of the art of Judo (or Ju Jitsu) in 1935, is the only English woman to have been awarded the coveted black belt by Japan. Dainty and feminine to a degree, Mrs. Mayer showed that she could throw strong men about like dolls. She was actually awarded the black belt in the men's championships!

WORD LADDER

H O S E

T A N K

Can you change HOSE to TANK in six steps, changing one letter at each step?

(Answer in No. 125)

WANGLING WORDS—86

1. Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after LIGHT, to make a word.
2. Rearrange the letters of FACE IS BLONDE to make an English country town.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: ROSE into PLOT, DOCK into SIDE, MAST into SAIL, BLACK into SMITH.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from the word EXPURGATE?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 85

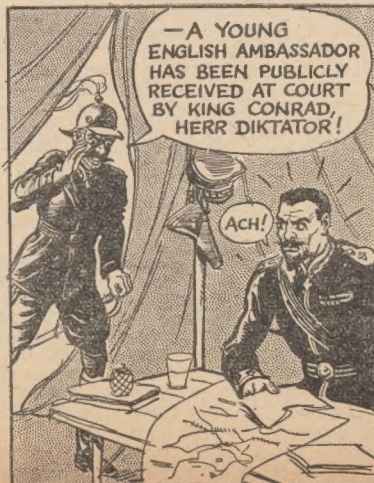
1. ENLIVEN.
2. CLEETHORPES.
3. COAL, COAT, BOAT, BOLT, BOLE, BALE, BALK, BACK, SACK, LOCK, LACK, LACE, LATE, GATE, TIME, TIRE, FIRE, FIRS, SIRS, SIPS, PIPS, LAMB, LAME, CAME, CANE, MANE, MINE, MINT.
4. Care, Cure, Tare, Tear, Rate, Cart, Curt, Rice, Tire, Tier, Race, Rare, True, Rear, Rite, etc. Caret, Trace, Crate, Trice, Truce, Areca, Erica, etc.

Corrupted freemen are the worst of slaves.
David Garrick
(1716-1779).

It is always right that a man should be able to render a reason for the faith that is within him.
Sydney Smith
(1769-1845).

JANE

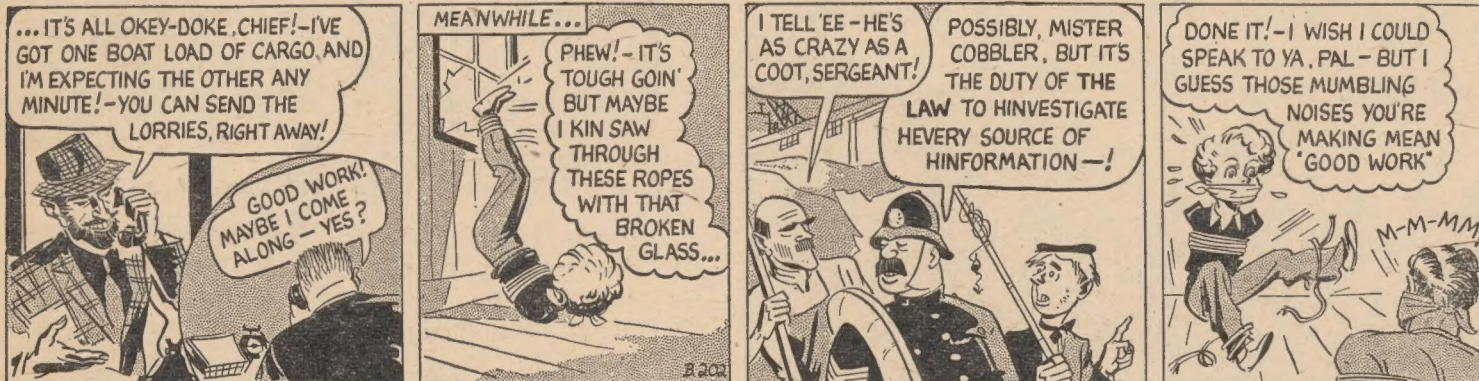
The Blackguard messenger from Cosmo arrives at Hagen's camp in the mountains.



Beelzebub Jones



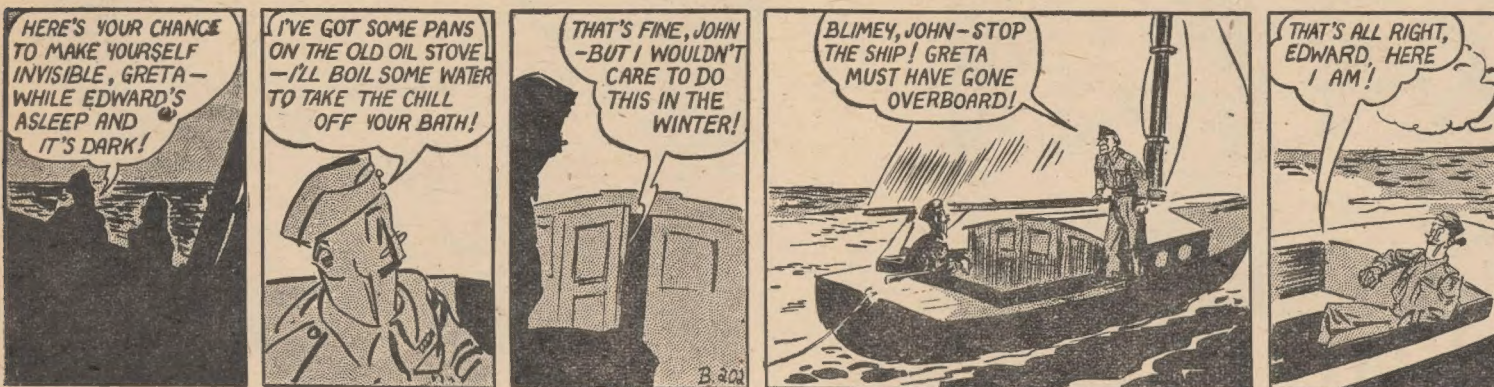
Belinda



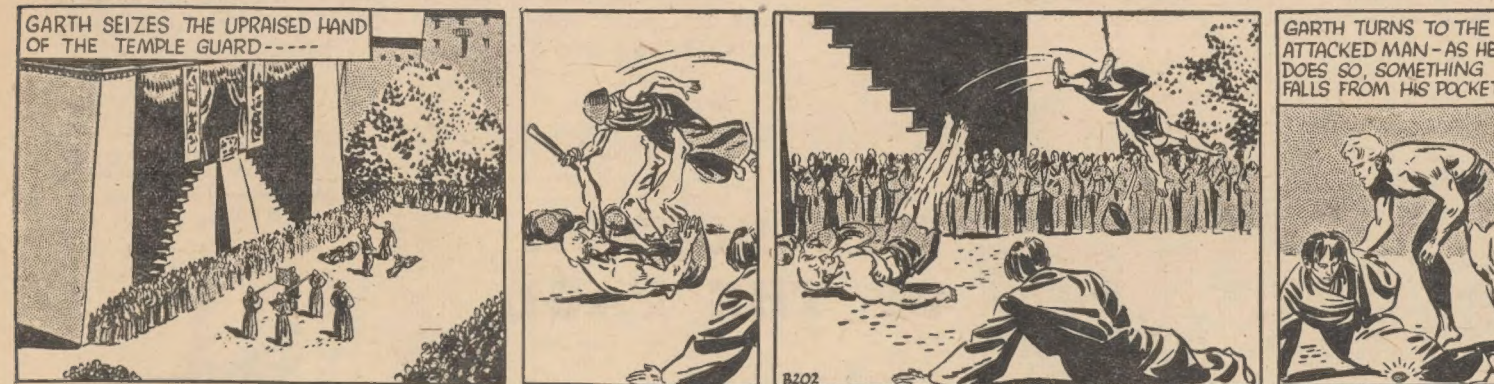
Popeye



Ruggles



Garth



DR. JEKYLL and MR. HYDE

Continued from Page 2.

again," said Mr. Utterson. "It may be useful."

"Yes," returned Mr. Hyde. "it is as well we have met; and a propos, you should have my address." And he gave a number of a street in Soho.

"Good God!" thought Mr. Utterson, "can he too have been thinking of the will?" But he kept his feelings to himself, and only grunted in acknowledgment of the address.

"And now," said the other, "how did you know me?"

"By description," was the reply.

"Whose description?"

"We have common friends," said Mr. Utterson.

"Common friends!" echoed Mr. Hyde, a little hoarsely.

"Who are they?"

"Jekyll, for instance," said the lawyer.

"He never told you," cried Mr. Hyde, with a flush of anger.

"I did not think you would have lied."

"Come," said Mr. Utterson, "that is not fitting language."

The other snarled aloud into a savage laugh, and the next moment, with extraordinary quickness, he had unlocked the door and disappeared into the house.

The lawyer stood awhile when Mr. Hyde had left him, the picture of disquietude. Then he began slowly to mount the street, pausing every step or two, and putting his hand to his

brow like a man in mental perplexity.

The problem he was thus debating as he walked was one of a class that is rarely solved. Mr. Hyde was pale and dwarfish; he gave an impression of deformity without any nameable malformation; he had a displeasing smile; he had borne himself to the lawyer with a sort of murderous mixture of timidity and boldness, and he spoke with a husky, whispering and somewhat broken voice—all these were points against him; but not all of these together

could explain the hitherto unknown disgust, loathing, and fear with which Mr. Utterson regarded him.

"There must be something else," said the perplexed gentleman. "There is something more, if I could find a name for it. God bless me, the man reeks hardly human! Something troglodytic, shall we say? Or can it be the old story of Dr. Fell; or is it the mere radiance of a foul soul that thus transpires through, and transfigures, its clay continent? The last, I think; for

The way games started

MARK PRIESTLEY

EVER found yourself playing ludo or draughts or dominoes, and wondering who invented it, where it originated? Well, if you do catch yourself wondering, don't! It's a heck of a job to find out.

The trail leads into some of the queerest commercial corners of London, into inventors' labs., and libraries where learned savants discuss folklore and Freud and primitive man. Some games are as old as that.

Herodotus relates that the ancient Lydians, during a period of famine, invented dice and all other games except chess, but anthropologists roundly swear that the game of odd-and-even, played with pebbles, dates to the creation of man.

Dice were used throughout the ancient Orient. They have been found in 3,000-year-old tombs in Egypt and India. Dice games—snakes and ladders mebbe—were an accompaniment to drinking banquets in ancient Greece.

Tracing it to our tight little isle, the Britons inherited a passion for dice from the Romans. The Emperor Verus, in fact, sat up all night dicing. Claudius wrote a book on the game. Commodus had special dice rooms set aside, and Caligula cheated—he would!

DICE SCHOOLS.

Then there were schools of dicing in the age of chivalry, even gilds of dicers, and the Germans were so fond of a throw that, having lost everything, they used to stake their personal liberty. "Double I'm your slave—or quits!" in other words.

All games with more than one "die, dice or disc" were forbidden by law in the reign of George II.

The ruling has never been repealed, and ludo, draughts and tiddly-winks are still illegal—and ignorance of the law is no defence!

Draughts, too, dates away back. It is supposed to have been invented to lull the boredom of the siege of Troy (they couldn't always look at Helen), but a similar game was known to the Egyptians, and pieces have been found in the ruins of 1600 B.C.

In the British Museum you can see Queen Hat-Shepsa's board and some of her men. The Norsemen knew it, and then Torquemada, presumably between tortures, wrote a history of the game.

That was in 1547. Other Spaniards followed in 1650 and 1684. Polish draughts—the modern form—spread through Europe in 1736, but insular England had to wait for the first instructions book till 1800.

DOMINO—FROM ITALY.

Dominoes—so called from the resemblance of the black backs to a domino mask—were unknown till 200 years ago, and spread from Italy.

Halma, from a Greek word meaning "hop," came from Turkey. Lotto is originally Sicilian. Like most games, they started in a small way, first privately played by one family and then by neighbours, till they became a spreading craze.

You can spot it in a modern instance, Chinese Checkers. They're not Chinese and they're not really checkers. The excavations of Chanhudaro, in India, have supplied marbles six thousand years old.

CHINESE—FROM NEW YORK.

On the other hand, Berry Pink's marbles manufacturing corporation in New York sends out half a billion marbles a year. Many go into highway markers, but many become games. The games line was becoming rather slack when a friend of Mr. Pink, Samuel Roshier, invented Chinese Checkers.

Another American, George Monks, of Boston, Mass., claims to have invented Halma in 1883. All the same, a similar game was played in Palermo.

A mild Victorian lady is supposed to have invented tiddly-winks. But a tiddly-wink used to be an unlicensed beer-house, from which the game took its name in the eighteenth century.

Word games are as old as language. But Lexicon was invented by David Whitelaw, author of forty crime novels.

He thought it up in an hour or two, and, to date, he has derived more royalties from the game than any best-seller.

He has invented two other games—Alfa Cubes and Cross-Sums—but they have never been as successful as Lexicon.

You can't tell with a craze. Put-and-Take made a fortune for its inventors within a year, then practically died out.

Ernest Headman, the ex-actor, who invented Yo-Yo—and sold 18,000,000—followed it up with huge sales in jigsaw puzzles.

oh, my poor old Harry Jekyll, if ever I read Satan's signature upon a face it is on that of your new friend."

(To be continued)

Solution to Numerical Puzzle.
Trip
No. 1 12 m.p.h. 4 hrs. 10 mins.
No. 2 10 m.p.h. 5 hrs.
No. 3 8 m.p.h. 6 hrs. 15 mins.
No. 4 6 m.p.h. 8 hrs. 20 mins.

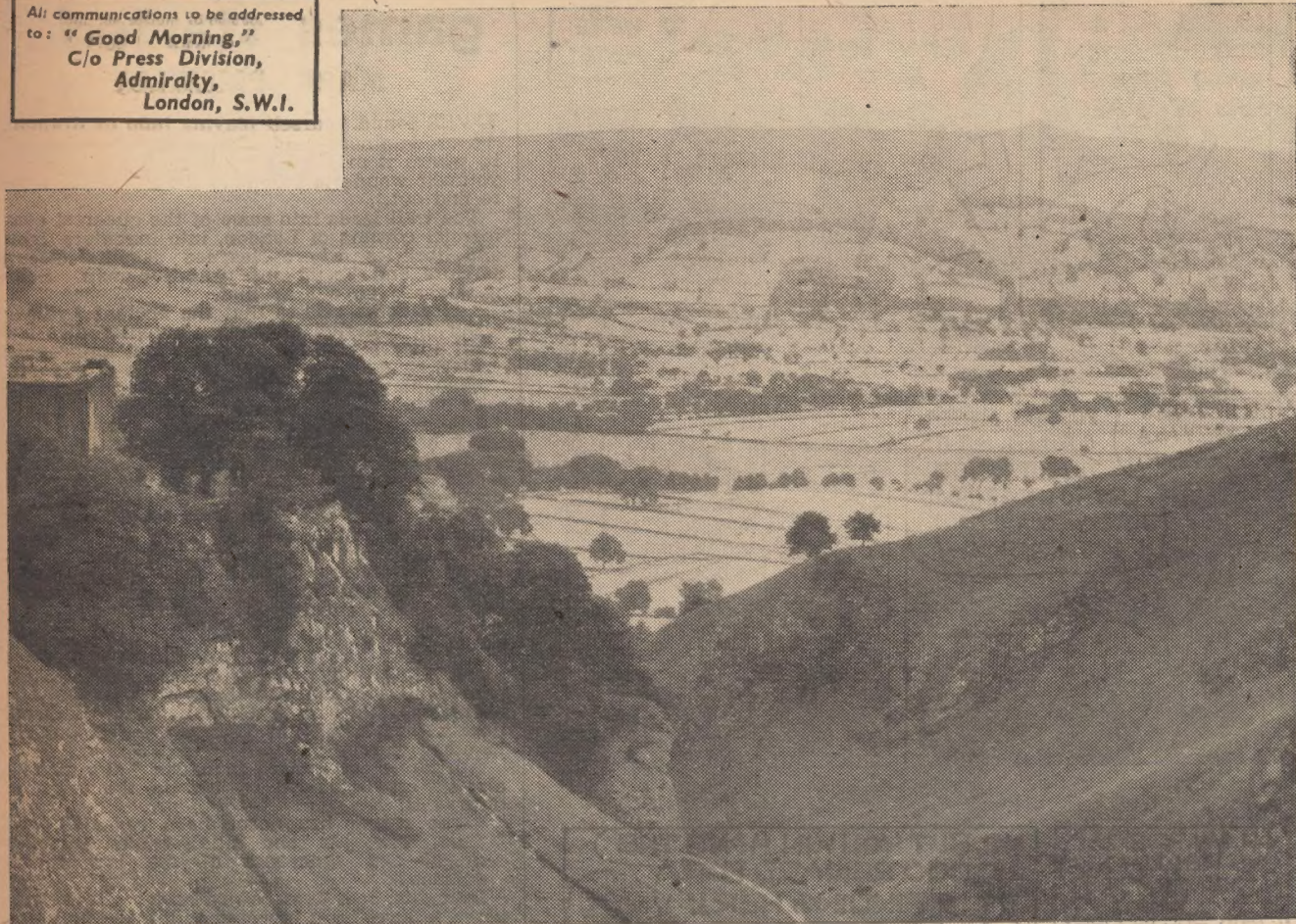
Total 23 hrs. 45 mins.

Solution to Allied Ports
GRIMSBY

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

This England



Looking over the valley from Castleton, one of the beauty spots of the Peak District, Derbyshire.



PUSS IN BOOTS

We've heard of "tired feet," but never before have we known boots to have such a sleep inducing effect.



Waste Food? Good Heavens! There shouldn't be such a thing. I'll investigate.



Gosh! What a tea-party! Only hope the guv. gets his usual cup of tea from Cook. I hate to rush meals.



"Fairly makes me lick my lips, it does, when I think of all those lovely, juicy—Oh! but I'm not going to tell you why I'm licking my lips . . . Guess why."



**THE BOTTOM
OF THE PAGE**

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"I get the boot all right—but not that way."

